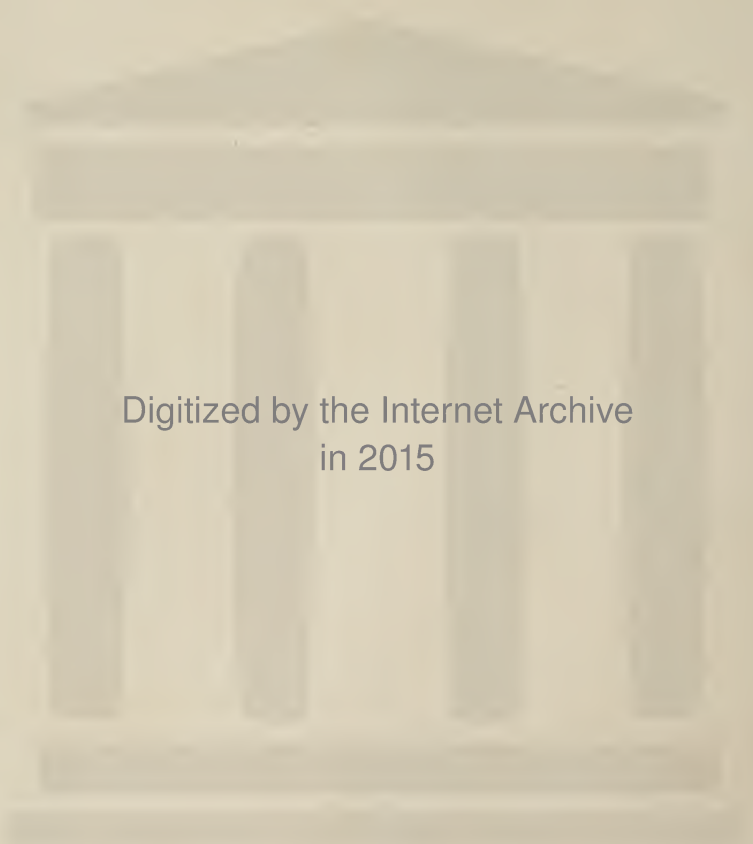


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WHEN THE DOCTOR COMES. FANG CHUANG

Life and Light

Vol. XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 9

Miss Anna F. Webb, *directora* of the Normal and Preparatory School for Girls in Spain, sailed July 31 for Madrid, after a brief furlough in this MISSIONARY country. Dr. and Mrs. Clarence D. Ussher are also on PERSONALS. their way to Van, Eastern Turkey Mission. The Cretic, sailing August 4, carried with her quite a company of missionaries: Miss Charlotte R. Willard, principal of the Girls' Boarding School at Marsovan, accompanied by Mrs. Sarah Sears Smith, and Miss Mary T. Tracy who is returning to her parents; Miss Stella N. Loughridge, in charge of the Girls' Boarding School at Talas, with Miss Fanny E. Burrage, returning to her kindergarten work in Cesarea and Talas, and happy in the company of her new assistant Miss Clara Childs Richmond, were members of this group. At a little later date, Dr. and Mrs. L. S. Crawford of Trebizond and Mrs. J. K. Browne, long absent from the Harpoot circle, sailed from New York.

The Congregational Church at Dalton, N. H., welcomed many friends from the surrounding churches, July 15, to share with it in the

COMMISSION service of Miss SERVICE. Clara C. Richmond,

daughter of the pastor, Rev. James Richmond. Rev. Stephen G. Barnes, D.D., pastor of the South Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., preached the sermon and presented the commission in the name of the American Board. Mr. Richmond set apart his daughter to her chosen life work in an earnest prayer of consecration. The Woman's Board of Missions, under whose special care Miss Richmond goes to the field, was represented by Miss Kyle, and a pleasant feature of the service was the solo, "God will take care of you," sweetly sung by Miss Mary Tracy, a classmate of Miss Richmond's in the kindergarten training class of Miss Lucy Wheelock's school. Loving hands had decorated the church,



MISS RICHMOND

of Miss Lucy Wheelock's school. Loving hands had decorated the church,

and the service was most tender and impressive. While so many are turning their faces from us it is good to welcome those who are returning for much needed rest. Dr. and Mrs. James H. Pettee of Okayama, with their daughter Anna, arrived in Seattle July 23, and will spend the next few weeks in Auburndale, Mass. It has been a pleasure to welcome Rev. and Mrs. George E. White of Marsovan on their arrival and to greet Miss Susan W. Orvis of Cesarea and Miss Mary G. Webb of Adana.

The following tender and appreciative words concerning Miss Mary B. Daniels, for twenty years our missionary in Japan, recently called home, **REQUIESCAT** are from the pen of Mrs. Otis Cary, of Kyoto, who knew **IN PACE.** and loved her well: "Only a year ago Miss Daniels was rejoicing in the re-establishing of her health, and that permission had been granted for her return to Japan. Joyfully she turned from the physical comforts and intellectual pleasures of New England, to the work which was dearer to her than all else.

"It was twenty-five years ago that Miss Daniels first received appointment under the Board, having been graduated from Smith College five years before. While considering the question of foreign work several flattering positions at home were opened to her. It was urged that others could go abroad, while a woman of her intellectual ability ought not to be wasted on a mission field. She often laughingly recalled the discussion as she considered the great variety of demands upon her which taxed her resources to the full. Her little home at No. 25 Kawaguchi Cho, Osaka, soon partook of her individuality, and became the center of her growing work. Several girls found with her a home, and owe to her the liberal education they received. Her Bible woman was helped and prepared for her daily work, while needy ones, both Japanese and foreign, found shelter, care and friendly protection under her roof. Some form of school work, in regular teaching, filled much of her time, but from these schools came her Boys' Club, a Junior Endeavor Band, a Girls' Society, while Sunday-school work, calls and callers filled her busy life with a variety of interests. At the time of the late war with Russia she joined the Red Cross and Voluntary Nurses Associations, and took regular lessons in bandaging, for which she received a diploma. Then donning her nurse's dress she did duty with the Japanese women in caring for the wounded soldiers sent home in transports from Manchuria, dressing the wounds, and preparing the men to go on to the hospitals. The brief cablegram announcing her death is all we know of how the end came, but had she realized how short the last term of service was to be we believe that she would have preferred above everything else to have been found at the last in active duty on the field. But who will take the place left so vacant, and who will hear the call, as she heard it, and as gladly respond, 'Here am I; send me!'"

Tabulated statement of the receipts of the Woman's Board of Missions for nine months, ending July 18, 1909, as compared with receipts for the same time last year.

	For Regular Work.	For Buildings.	For Work of 1909.	For Special Objects.	From Legacies.	Total
1908,	\$76,825.19	\$10,418.50		\$2,784.36	\$4,195.79	\$94,223.84
1909,	<u>75,762.82</u>	<u>5,091.35</u>	<u>\$11,544.10</u>	<u>2,650.54</u>	<u>14,999.90</u>	<u>110,048.71</u>
Gain,			\$11,544.10		\$10,804.11	\$15,824.87
Loss,	\$1,062.37	\$5,327.15		\$133.82		

Note especially the column entitled "For Regular Work," since upon this more than any other depends the possibility of work for next year, and remember that when this statement comes to the eye of the reader the time left before the end of the financial year, October 18, is very short. How much have you done? What more can you do? Can you influence some one else to help?

We are glad to announce some attractive leaflets which will be helpful in the study for next year. Miss Alice H. Bushee, who has been seventeen NEW years a teacher in our school for Spanish girls, has written, LITERATURE. out of her experience and her heart, a sympathetic sketch of *Life in Northeastern Spain*. The leaflet is illustrated, and the cover is in the Spanish colors, scarlet and yellow. Price, 10 cents. We have reprinted in separate leaflets from former numbers of *LIFE AND LIGHT* two articles by Mrs. John S. Porter, of Prague, Austria. The titles are, *Pictures from Bohemia* and *A Love Feast in Bohemia*. Also an article by Dr. A. W. Clark describing *The Work of the Wives of Pastors in Austria*. Each of these three one cent, ten cents a dozen. Another longer story by Mrs. Porter tells of the *Missionary's Return*. Price, 4 cents. Better still, Mrs. Porter has written for us a new booklet, partly historical, partly descriptive, called *An Austrian Mission Scrapbook*. She gives us, in swift and vivid review, pictures from the past of Bohemia, the country in which she has worked with her husband for sixteen years, and shows us something of the advance the mission has made in these years. The illustrations are telling, and the cover, in red and white, the Bohemian colors, gives us also a facsimile of the Prague coat of arms. Price, 10 cents. Mrs. Sara B. Howland, with her husband, Rev. John Howland, missionary in Guadalajara since 1882, describes the history of *Corona Institute* in that city, telling us of its teachers and pupils. We see that with means all too limited these faithful workers have wrought great good, and we long to help as we see how great are the opportunities of the school. Price, 5 cents.

CHRISTIAN BEGINNINGS FOR WOMEN IN PEKING

BY MRS. W. B. STELLE

(Mrs. Stelle is the daughter of Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, president of the North China Union College of Tung-chou, and gives her life to helping the people of her adopted country.)

IN the autumn of the year 1900, as some of us were standing amid the ruins of our American Board Compound, which a few months before had been a busy hive of schools, homes and workers, Dr. Ament said, "It will take at least twenty-five years to get back where we were before this upheaval." Another of the company said, "Fifty would be nearer the truth." And as we thought of our workers, three Bible women out of four gone, of our schoolgirls, only thirty-five of the sixty left, equipment, everything in utter chaos, it was not strange that our hearts fainted within us.

And now that nine years have passed think what wonderful things our eyes behold! Opportunities for work of every description are ours.

After her return from exile, the late Empress Dowager was in a receptive frame of mind. And well it was for China and the aid which American missionaries were endeavoring to render that empire, that we had as our Government representatives, Mr. and Mrs. Conger. With a heart full of love for the Chinese and a desire to help China, Mrs. Conger gently tried in every way to influence the Empress Dowager toward reform. At the imperial audiences missionary ladies were asked to act as interpreters, and thus greater opportunity for conversation was gained. Such subjects as education of women, public school systems, literature for the home, and various topics of vital interest were talked about in those audiences.

Because the missionary ladies were received in court and in the homes of the highest in rank, other official homes that before, either through fear or dislike, were closed, are now open to them.

Some ladies of high rank are truly interested. One lady came to one of our mission hospitals for an operation. She was there several months and attended the daily service of prayer regularly. She also read with the Bible woman, and asked the little Christian company to pray for her. Just before the operation, she said to one who was calling on her, "I was afraid when I first thought of the knife, but I have prayed and now my heart is at rest and I am sure I shall recover." And though she has gone back to court duties, she still shows her friendly feelings and interest in religious things. Not only are homes opened to us, but because of the attitude of the late Empress Dowager toward education, a wave of interest in woman's educa-

tion has come over Peking and its vicinity, which also has affected the whole empire.

Ladies of wealth and education have given their means and time to starting schools for girls. One lady, the wife of a Mongol prince, is the pioneer in starting a school for Mongol girls. Inspired by her enthusiasm, another lady, a delicate girl accustomed to every luxury, went out to Mongolia to help in this school. One young man has started two schools for girls in Peking and hopes to start others. For the last two years he has held exhibitions of school work in which all the girls' schools of the city, under both missionary and native supervision, are invited to participate. And just



PASTOR LI AND HIS FAMILY, PEKING

recently there have come out decrees from the government urging the establishment of schools for girls.

These teachers and ladies are not eager for the gospel message, but they do desire information, and to meet these desires we have instituted newspaper readings and popular lectures. And through these we have come into touch with those who long for deeper truths. One lady, whose life had been given up to caring for her invalid husband, happened in to one of the

gatherings where the newspaper was being read and explained. She was interested and came often, and then found what was of greater interest in the church meetings to which she was invited. Now the care of her sick husband is lightened and gladdened as they together read God's Word and pray.

Not only are there these wonderful openings for work outside the church, but even more important in some ways are the opportunities within.

Think of the families of our Peking church. One thousand members, representing many hundreds of families, and these Chinese families living together in great communities, and bound by every tie to mutual helpfulness.

What opportunity for working for the uplift of North China could be more inspiring than our Union Educational Work, four denominations sending their picked students to this Woman's College in Peking. These girls to be the leaders, not only of our mission institutions, but also eagerly sought for as teachers in the schools under Chinese supervision.

Think of our training school for Bible women, with its thirty pupils—women eager to learn, and to put into practice what they are learning. These are the home missionaries of our country work as they go about the villages. One of them, a young widow with five children, studies with her baby in her arms, and then goes back to her home to work in station classes, and visiting in the homes around her.

Another is a woman who, for forty years, was our neighbor, but never came near us. At last she became interested, and made up her mind in spite of her sixty odd years to learn to read. She has learned, and now is stationed in one of our hardest out-stations, where she is slowly winning the love of all as she gives herself to teaching.

Then there is our country work, with all its possibilities open to us. Never have the women been more friendly and receptive.

Such are our opportunities multiplied manifold, for I have mentioned the work only of the Peking field.

Our limitations are the natural result of such great opportunities, but they can in some measure be removed by the workers in this land. Your missionaries are not giants, and their strength is limited, but how great is the temptation, and at times how necessary to go beyond the danger point.

We are limited by our small number of workers. In the United States there are 468,786 Congregational women, responsible for 8,000,000 women and girls, which makes each woman responsible for 171 women. In North China there are 35 foreign women workers responsible for 6,000,000 women, which means that each worker has for her share to help 172,857 women and girls. If one woman out of every 1,500 of our Congregational women

would go to the field the working force of ladies on all mission fields under our Woman's Boards would be nearly doubled.

We do not ask for North China double the number of lady workers. We ask for only seven, and those we must have. The time will come when these doors will be shut in our faces, but now the women of China are looking to us for help. Shall we fail them?

WHAT THE GOSPEL BRINGS TO MOTHER HEARTS IN CHINA

BY MISS MARY E. ANDREWS

(Miss Andrews has been a missionary in North China since 1868.)

"IS your baby better?" one mother asks of another whose little one has been sick. "We have thrown it away," is the stolid answer. "Well, it is gone, and you cannot get it back. Just forget it as soon as you can. There is nothing else to do." Such is the hopeless outlook and such the comfort which heathenism brings to aching hearts in China when death invades the home and the little ones are taken. But oh, the change that comes when our blessed gospel enters those hearts and homes!

I think of a poor, old woman with a heavy, stupid face, Mrs. Chu, who came to our chapel some years ago. Sabbath after Sabbath she was in her place there. Sabbath after Sabbath I sat down beside her when the morning service was over, and told her in the very simplest possible words the simplest truths of our gospel. It seemed as if she could never take them in. She always listened eagerly, hungrily, but had forgotten it all before the next Sabbath came, and wanted to hear it over again. Months passed before the dull mind and heart opened to receive the Glad Tidings, but they did open at last. Slowly the stupid look disappeared, and the poor, old face lighted up with the new-found joy and love. And then a little grandson was born into the home, and the mother died as the little new life began. Poor baby, it seemed as if it must soon follow the mother, and as if it would be better so. But the grandmother folded the little one into her heart with a different love from that which she had felt for her own children, because she had learned of the Saviour how to love. Tenderly she sought to supply its needs, carrying it day after day to one nursing mother and another all through the neighborhood, begging of each a little milk for the motherless baby. Willingly it was given, but it failed to meet the baby's need. Then it was brought to us, and at last condensed milk and the wise counsel of an American mother saved the little life. The baby grew strong and healthy, and came to be more and more the joy of the grandmother's heart. Great was her delight that the first word the

baby lips learned to say was the name of the Lord. Proudly she told how the little head was bowed and the little hands folded as they sat down for each meal, and the baby would not eat till the blessing had been asked. Eagerly she looked forward to the time when, grown to manhood, he should make it his life work to preach the gospel. But the Lord had other thoughts for the little one. Coming home from a summer rest at the hills, the word was brought to me that Mrs. Chu's little grandson had suddenly sickened and died. The poor old woman came to see me soon. Crushed, heartbroken, with the tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks she told me the sad story of the little one's going away. Then we sat and talked together of the Saviour. Out of the Word I read to her the sweet story of his love for the little ones, and told her, what she had never before taken in, of our blessed assurance that when loving arms unclasp here to let the darlings go, the Saviour's stronger, more loving arms fold them tenderly in. It was such a new, glad thought to her. Never shall I forget the look of ecstatic joy on the poor old face from which the tears were not yet dried as she went out of my room holding in her heart the blessed hope that her darling was not lost, was with Jesus, and that she should see him again by and by. It was not long before the Lord called her too to the Heavenly Home, and I doubt not the baby welcomed her there.

I think of a funeral service I saw once in our little cemetery, when a beautiful baby boy had been taken by a sudden and terrible accident. As the little box containing the precious form was lowered into the resting place I saw the Christian father bend over the little grave and say quietly, *Tsai chien* ("I'll see you again"), the common parting salutation of those who expect soon to meet again.

I think of a dear young mother, who in one short fortnight had given back to the Lord two dear children, a bright, promising boy of four or five years, the only boy in the family, and a beautiful little girlie not yet a month old. The mother came to my room one day at twilight, and after we had talked for a little of the things precious to our hearts, she quietly laid at my feet a string of cash, saying with tears in her eyes and in her voice, "This is my thank offering." No need to tell why she brought a thank offering to the Lord. I knew well that in the midst of the heart-ache and the longing she was yet rejoicing and thanking God because she knew so surely that her dear ones were not "thrown away," but were kept for her beyond all possibility of sorrow and of sin—safe forever in the Saviour's tender keeping. Among the many joys that come to us in our blessed work for the Master in China not the least is this, to be able to bring such hope, such comfort, such joy into the sad, sorrowing, hopeless hearts of our sisters in that far away land.

"INTO THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT" TUNG-CHOU

[Miss Alice Seymour Browne is one of the Mt. Holyoke missionaries, and by special favor we are allowed to reprint one of her picturesque letters to the girls who are responsible for her support.—ED.]

DEAR GIRLS: A stifling, yellow sandstorm, blowing furiously in our faces, a bumping two-wheeled cart with me inside, threatened simultaneously with concussion of the brain, blindness and freezing—what do you suppose made me laugh and think of a certain beautiful parlor in whose luxurious chairs sat rows of daintily dressed ladies? Because I suddenly remembered that just before I came to China I was calmly telling those ladies what country touring was like (or what I thought it was like), and somehow it



MISSIONARY RESIDENCES AT TUNG-CHOU

fell rather short of the real thing. I do not know whether any of you girls heard my innocent prophecies, but here are some "additions and corrections" that I can vouch for. For you know, being the singlest of "single ladies" this winter, it has perforce fallen to me to work in several new lines, and the country trips form one of them. And as I don't believe you know much more about it than I did when I started in, I want to tell you a little what it is like.

In the first place, "Miss Browne," with her little prejudices in favor of cleanliness and privacy, her foreign language and tastes and habits, never goes out touring. She, with her American food and clothes, would be quite in the way, so she is left carefully at home, while "Bin Jee-ow-shir,"

clad in Chinese clothes (though she still clings to her own shoes and hair-pins, and a few minor accessories, being yet a tenderfoot), takes her place. Off she jounces merrily in her cart with the Bible woman some bright winter morning, her baggage to her back, and her *Outlook* to her hand, to be dipped into between bounces, if possible. One sees all sorts of interesting things along the road, but the best part of a cart ride, let me tell you, is the end of it. Our hostesses are glad to see us, too, as we pile out of the cart, and there must be many bows and greetings as big hands and little hands help in getting ourselves and our belongings into the house.



STILL LIFE, NORTH CHINA

“I could hardly wait till you came, Oldest Maternal Aunt,” whispers the much-be-pigtailed mite who is squeezing my left hand, and I squeeze back while I try to talk to four grown-ups at once. Up goes our bedding into one corner of the kang, and in comes the eager crowd of women. I have to pay the penalty of being the leading lady by crawling over to the inner side of the kang, and resignedly curling up *à la* Turk. After sitting that way for hours I sometimes have serious doubts whether my poor, aching limbs will ever straighten out again, but they have, so far. Around me

they crowd—luscious, fat babies, with great, black, solemn eyes, and a good deal of misplaced real estate on their faces, hugged close in their mothers' arms; their grandmothers puffing away at their slender, long-stemmed, tiny pipes; shy, pretty girls, much be-painted, and those important looking, newly married daughters home for a visit, who betray themselves at once by the abundance of their airs and artificial flowers. Small talk and tea-cups flourish, and we get acquainted. "You are eighty, and how many years old, aged lady?" asks the nearest woman, politely. "Do tell us your honorable venerableness."

I must confess at my first few encounters with this question, though they sometimes take me for as young as sixty-five, I could hardly keep my honorable face straight, but I am so used to it now that my smiles are invisible as I explain for the one hundredth time that my light hair is not a sign of advanced years.

The fascinated audience at large then make some audible and pointed remarks concerning my age, looks, Chinese clothes and single state, which I bear with what fortitude I can muster. Then having relieved their minds, and feeling quite at ease, it is my turn to talk. It is an open question, of course, whether the concentrated attention they give me is due to my hair and eye-glasses, or to what I am talking about, but they listen—oh, how they listen! And once in awhile they will nod and smile at each other appreciatively. "What she says is certainly true," they say. "It is very good, all of it." Then they fall silent, and my heart aches for them. I know all too well that to many a mind comes the fear of the bitter, railing words, the sneers, perhaps the beating, the starving, the unnamable cruelties that would meet them in their heathen homes if they openly admitted that they liked the foreigner's religion. Still they listen: some with scarcely veiled curiosity, some with a quizzical look, thinking, perhaps, of the hideous stories they have heard about these foreigners, some out of mere politeness, and some so thirstily; and all with such starved, stunted, little souls! Just think, their highest thoughts—their thoughts of God—circle about a gaily daubed paper picture pasted on the mud wall, or a mud Buddha on a tiny shelf over the table where they put little dishes of food, and burn incense—mean, revengeful gods, who must be wheedled and fooled and gotten the better of. If that is the height of their lives, what of the breadth of them? Their circumference, the village walls, full of endless bickerings and jealousies and evil talk.

Yet these same people attract me powerfully. Often such measureless patience looks out of their dark eyes at me, often such good humor and wit and kindness. And always here and there are the hopeless faces—the saddest faces in the world. One shudders to dream what stories lie back of

them, fighting against such cruel conditions as would crush you or me to the earth. Do you wonder that when I look into some of the faces I meet, graven deep with lines of suffering and experience, of kindly shrewdness or a triumphant overcoming of obstacles, that in my heart I salute them with all humility, and wish that in some way I might come to as close quarters with life as they have? Yet perhaps you will not understand when I say that in spite of that wealth of a certain kind of experience that is theirs, there is underneath it something so childlike, so simple-hearted, an ignorance so utterly dependent on us for the simplest teaching, that the strongest appeal that they make to me, after all, is to the mother heart that is the birthright of each one of us. Like children they are, and as children one forgives their faults, and loves and helps them. Their real childhood is so



MAKING QUILTED CLOTHES

short and shadowy, and then one day they are delivered, body and soul, to the husband they have never seen before. After that come the endless years of work, the bearing of many children, the thankless serving, and nothing to help them through it all but a red and green daub on the wall. Do you see why we go to them—why we try to pull away from the doors of their hearts the clinging vines of superstition and life-long prejudice and custom and ignorance, the weeds of hatred and despair, and let in the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—that we long to have illumine their lives too?

Think of going, day after day, to different places, to be confronted by such a crowd as that. Yet we travel by literally hundreds of villages where we have no foothold at all. How the fat old leering mud idols must laugh at us as we pass sadly by—they have things all their own way! There are so few of us, and so many of them, so many of the passions and superstitions

of men that are their secret strong allies. O the sorrow of it! And whose fault is it, girls?

But far better than a brief visit in a place is a two weeks' station class in some Christian house where they can spare us the room. "Station class" sounds mysterious, does it not? yet all it means is a group of women studying together. How they enjoy it—the Bible work, the reading, the geography and hygiene! It is their only chance to learn, and they know it. This winter I have started three of these classes, then left them in the charge of the Bible women, and gone out again at the end to examine them. And girls! if a pang of worry about an examination ever struck you, you can sympathize with these poor dears out here, for they take it so seriously. When each one's turn to be examined comes, they breathe in gasps, and beads of cold perspiration stand out on their foreheads, in spite of my comforting words and smiles. It is such an important event! One middle-aged heathen woman, they told me, used to be heard in the middle of the night, repeating to herself under her breath, her lessons, and she could not sleep a wink the night before I came for fear she would not do her best the next day. The intensity with which she tried to absorb everything out of those few days of teaching made me realize afresh how much we need to have more of such classes, and we are just waiting for one of you to come out to help us!

One of the loveliest things about this work is the opportunity to come close to the people. You find out how badly that bright girl wants to unbind her feet and come to school, but she was betrothed when she was a baby, and her mother-in-law says "No!" Or you try to comfort a little girl sobbing heart-brokenly to herself under her comfortable at night, only to find that her uncle has threatened to kill her father because he is a Christian. The village people are what old-fashioned books call "folksy," cordial and hospitable, and so naive in their curiosity. They adopt you as one of themselves, and if there is no spare room, they take it for granted you will come right in with the family. I shall never forget the first night I curled up under my own quilt on the long hard brick kang with seven Chinese women and five children, while the men of the family went to stay at the neighbors; or the next morning when an awestruck crowd of children watched me brush my teeth out in the front yard. Perhaps you think I deserved it for choosing such a conspicuous place, but they were cooking the breakfast in the parlor-bedroom, so what would you?

You may laugh if you like, but the night before when we women were getting ready to retire, we had such a jolly time telling stories and eating persimmons that it positively made me think of college. One gay young

thing put on a skirt of mine she found and pranced around in genuine cake-walk style, showing it off!

When I started away that day, the old bent mother put her hand on my arm and said, "You are so far away from your mother and your friends you must get lonely; come out and make us a little visit next time when you find it hard to bear." I wanted to hug her, but decided not to frighten the dear old lady so. I'm going some time, and I am going to have a glorious time with the brownest, fattest baby I can find.

This time I am not going to tell you about my school or all the other things I am so busy over. That must wait till next time. Somebody said



MISS ALICE BROWN'S SCHOOL GIRLS, TUNG-CHOU

the other day that she always thought of my varied duties this year as an Irish stew—I seemed to have something of everything going on at once, and all boiling furiously together! An Irish stew is not as poetic as a witches' cauldron, and I do not blame you if you smile at the picture of a small single lady poking desperately away at a madly bubbling stew of all sorts of things that have to be done. Are none of you ready to come out to help me brew? Think of this big country work, quite apart from all the work here in the city, and remember I am still looking and waiting for the girl who is coming out to help.

A MISSIONARY GIRL IN NORTH CHINA

(Mrs. MacGown, of North Yarmouth, Me., mother of Miss Marion MacGown, who sailed for North China in September, 1908, kindly shares with us this letter from her daughter. It was written for her parents with no thought of the printer.)

WE have had another big dust storm. It is going to be warm soon and the ice is going out of the river. All day and most of the night we hear the men pounding on their boats, repairing them for use as soon as the river opens. No self-respecting American river would freeze anyway with weather no colder than we have had, but Chinese cold seems to be "different."

Mr. Chau Bo Lin was at church this morning; the educator who became a Christian last year, and has been in America on a Commission. After the sermon they asked him to speak, which he did at length. I could not understand so much as I wished, as he is from the South and so his dialect is rather different. He gave something of his own experience. He first spoke of the three parts of man—body, mind and spirit, and told how one exercises the body and mind to make it grow strong, but said that many neglected the spirit. Then he told how he, though his body and mind were developed, had been a pessimist. (He sprinkled in English words now and then, which assisted me. That was one of them.) He told how he had talked with Mr. Robertson and others, and they had told him the Christian doctrine. He had said "It is good"; but still it did not enter his heart. Then finally it did and he accepted it. Though I could not understand many of his words, I could see his face, and it shone with a light that Confucianism never gave to him or any other man.

I got much more of the sermon. Mr. Chen speaks clearly. Then he read from Mark, and the Gospels are my strong points, on account of reading John. I could follow all he read—the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and the incident of the fig tree which was the basis of his sermon, with its application to the Pharisees, and then to ourselves, to be real in our hearts, and not simply to appear well on the outside.

My first convert appeared to-day. He is not really a convert at all but a small boy—ten or so, I should say. He lives in the village right beside us. The first time we saw him was one day when Mrs. Eastman and I lost our way coming home from the university. He knew we were off the track and wanted to guide us. Since then, whenever he has seen us, he has burst into smiles and walked away with us. One day we heard several of the children egging each other on to follow us, and all were apparently a little timid. Then he appeared at my side saying, "I dare go with you." To-

day he appeared with another boy. He is a very bright, attractive youngster and well worth pursuing. If I could talk I should try to get acquainted with his family. Mrs. Eastman thinks I ought to be glad to be able to say enough to get him to come to church. I suppose this incident illustrates the difference between the old days and the present time. Now the people



YOUNG CHINA

are easy to reach, and willing to be reached. It needs more workers rather than more chances to work. All the people around us seem friendly. There were several new women at church to-day and when I can get out among them and show some interest in them, there will be more.

I now have a pupil—a Chinese girl—I am teaching her arithmetic. She is a nice child. There are some difficulties in the way of explaining factoring and fractions in Chinese, especially as the terms have no connection with what I have studied. However, she seems bright and catches on easily, and it is excellent practice for me. She stays and talks with me after the lessons. One day I showed her on the map where I lived and how I came to get to China. She enquired about all the members of my family and wanted to know if I was not homesick. She asked if my father and mother could read Chinese. I showed her your pictures. She liked father's picture because he had a moustache. Mrs. Peck says a moustache is one of the five

happineses of China—the other four being “old age, a son, riches and official position.” She is nice to talk to, because if I do not understand one word, she will use another and keep on till I do understand, also she corrects me if I say things wrong. One day she spoke of Miss Porter and said she had black hair, which she seemed to think a virtue on Miss Porter's

part. I said, "Yes, in China everyone has black hair. In America we do not all have the same color." "No," said she, "yours is yellow." "Well," I said, "I should hardly call it yellow."

I am not sending you many missionary items lately, but I cannot make them up, and exciting things do not happen every day. We really lead a very quiet life, Mrs. Eastman much more than I, for she almost never comes to the settlement. I need to see Mrs. Peck often. I discovered yesterday why. It is because she is really interested in me and likes to have me run on talking about unimportant things just as I can do at home. I have always had some one to take that sort of interest in me, and perhaps did not appreciate it until I got where I could not get to my home or my intimate friends. So Mrs. Peck has to take the place of father and mother and friends—naturally she cannot do it, but she is the nearest approach to it in sight, so I value her, not only for herself but because she somehow seems a type of all the dear ones in America.

This is the end of my twentieth week of study, so I will report progress. I now know 1,283 characters, have studied 24 of "Metier's Lessons," and read seven chapters of John and half the catechism, and can write 280 characters, besides the 214 radicals. I have really read more of John to myself but not with my teacher. I hope, in time, to have some slight familiarity with the Chinese language.

This morning my teacher told me I read John well, as if it were familiar, but I have had an awful time with it. It is easy enough to understand, but to read it along smoothly, as if it were English, has bothered me. I would go stumbling on and then run up against a stump all out of breath just as children do when they begin to read in school. Last week I set to work and ground away on it, and finally succeeded in getting his commendation, which he very rarely bestows. That was a great comfort to me.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Ewing and I made some Chinese calls. First we called on Boo Feng's family here in the compound. The mother has begun to bind the oldest girl's feet, and we wished to remonstrate with her. Dr. Stanley had already spoken to the father, but he is not the one who is doing it. The mother is not a Christian, nor are her family. She told Mrs. Ewing that Hsiao Kenei, who is about ten, ran and jumped about too much for a girl of her age, also that they had so many girls they could not educate them all, and if she were not to be a scholar, there was no need of her having big feet. The real trouble is that she fears she will not be able to find a husband for her if the girl's feet are not bound. Mrs. Ewing held forth to her, as it seemed to me, tactfully and forcefully on the reasons why she should not bind her daughter's feet. I think it all had little effect. The old grandmother who was there was in favor of having the feet bound. The

father came in while we were talking, and said he would see that the feet were unbound. We told him they could not stay in the compound unless they unbound the child's feet. This may bring them to terms. The father is as good as gold, but he naturally does not look upon the matter as we do, and feels it is something belonging to the province of the women of the family.

We also called on the family of my pupil just outside the compound. They have a neat house and are very pleasant. Several other women came in while we were there, one of them smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Ewing managed to enter into conversation with her about it, and found she smoked opium too. She said she hated it and had tried to break off, but it made her sick. Before Mrs. Ewing had finished talking with her she threw her cigarette away and said she would smoke no more opium. But of course she will. It is a fearfully hard habit to break, and after all, her incentives to make the effort are not very great, living in a non-Christian atmosphere as she does. Perhaps we can do more for her some day. Mrs. Chen is going out among the women two days a week and is interesting them. More come to church than formerly. At another house where we called was a tiny baby, not a month old. They look very funny in the same kind of clothes that grown-ups wear.

Monday Mrs. Ewing and I went to the settlement to call and were caught in a delicious snowstorm which felt like home. The next morning was more like New England than anything I have yet seen, frosty and snowy, a soft snow that clung all over the trees—what few there were to cling to. About six inches of snow fell—an immense amount for North China. The snow melts in a few hours and is almost as good as rain. We are glad to have it come, both because it is pretty while it lasts and because when we have snow we do not have dust. It also helps the crops. All the farmers are rejoicing to see the ground moistened up a bit before planting begins. It will save much hard work irrigating, and be more effective. I tried to make my teacher see the beauty of the snow, but could not rouse him to any great pitch. I told him how we had big forests in America, and how lovely they were when covered with snow like the four trees we could see from my window, and how I used to ride through woods on my way to school in my young days, and tried to make him see how beautiful they were.

He was not as much interested in the snow as in the story of the blind man that we read from John this morning. It is thrilling to read John with him, and think that never in his life has he read it before. He has read some of the other Gospels, and other parts of the Bible, but not John. I told him the blind man was nice before we began to read. He was much interested as we went on, and greatly pleased to hear him stand up to the

Pharisees and tell what he knew. When he came to the verse, "For judgment came I into the world, that they which see not, might see, and that they that see might become blind," he said with great glee, "That has a good meaning. The Pharisees thought they knew more than the blind man and really he knew more than they did." I had quite a time explaining to him what Pharisees were. He thought they were men from some particular place named Pharisee, as they are called Pharisee men, just as one would say Hsiku men. My vocabulary does not include "sect," but I gave him some idea finally. I held forth in a manner which surprised myself on the difference between Confucianism and Christianity, which he told me were just the same. I got interested in my subject, and almost forgot I was talking Chinese. He agreed with all I said, and said he believed it. But his belief is only of the head. He is a fine man, who would be of value to the church.

Mrs. Ewing and I called on a Chinese family at the settlement Monday, as well as on some foreigners. The man of this family is a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and speaks English very well. It is a very nice family, with three sweet little girls. A relative was dying in the next court, so we did not stay very long. It is not a very comforting way in which they die. When the relatives see one can live no longer, they array him in the clothes in which he will be buried, take him off the kang, or bed, that that may not be polluted, put him on a board and wait for the last breath. The moment the person is dead he is put into his coffin. We passed a funeral procession the day we went down to the settlement, much the biggest one I have seen. There were many mourners, dressed in white, some much decorated, spirit chairs—in one of which was displayed the picture of the deceased—bands, banners and priests. In front they carried orange banners, also a big chair borne by six men, clad in orange, the imperial color. We thought it must be the funeral of a high official. My teacher said it was that of a scholar, and that he himself would have the right to have orange banners carried at his funeral. The body was not carried—my teacher said it must have been the preliminary procession the day before the funeral.

STATION CLASS WORK

In another letter Miss MacGown tells of this important work:—

WE are having a station class just now here in Hsiku. Miss Porter came from Peking to start it for us and will soon come down again at the close. Meanwhile, everything seems to be going smoothly with the Chinese teachers under Mrs. Ewing's guidance. There are forty-seven here, including

teachers and babies. Most of them come from our out-station, Ching-Hai. There are several children, but most of them old enough to study at least a part of the day. The very little ones are learning to repeat their Tri Metric Classic; the older ones are learning the Catechism; the women themselves are reading the book of selected texts and prayers with which they always begin; or, if they have finished that, the Gospels. There are some very bright ones who will read a good deal in the twenty days. There are some who are old and stupid and who can learn only a very few characters each day. Those are the only ones I have been able to help at all. The first day or two when we were a little short of teachers, I taught some of these old ladies. I had learned the characters on the first few pages of their book and had little fear of their catching up with me. It requires concentration



WOMAN'S STATION CLASS, NORTH CHINA

if nothing else to work in the room with twenty odd women all studying aloud. In a short station class we do not try to break that national habit. It is exceedingly interesting work, for, bright and stupid alike, they all seem dead in earnest. After all, it is the spirit of Christianity which we want them to get, and we cannot help feeling that perhaps the very slowest ones may get an extra share of that.

Each morning Miss Porter or Mrs. Ewing has an hour's service with them, song and prayer and the explaining of various fundamental Christian truths. Last Sunday morning Miss Porter met those who are already church members and talked with them about the vows they made when they joined the church. They listened most intently and quietly, and seemed to realize something, at least, of what it meant. It is surprising to

me that these women, brought up as they have been, comprehend as much as they do of the meaning of Christianity. Of course they often go astray and try the souls of the missionaries, but somehow, when we compare their lot with ours and then remember our own shortcomings, it seems to me easy to have patience with them.

They study in the morning until twelve, and again from half-past one until half-past four in the afternoon. Miss Porter has gone over several times in the evening and found them still studying. They also have prayer meetings among themselves in the evening. Miss Porter spoke to one of them one evening when she was there about training her little boy. "Oh yes," said the woman, "he can pray," and then to the child, "show Miss Porter how you can pray." So the little fellow rolled over in his quilt until he was in a semi-kneeling position and made his little prayer. Then his mother said he could repeat the verse Miss Porter had taught the women, and repeat it he did. It was, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness"; a verse which is rather complicated in its Chinese translation—so much so that Miss Porter would not have thought of trying to teach it to that small child.

It is too early yet to gather up the results of the class, but we are hoping for much. Another year, if by then I can go to them, we will have only those who do well enough to be able to teach others come here and help the rest at their own villages. This work among the women appeals to me very much. I am not at all sure that I shall not do the evangelistic work rather than the educational in that far off day when I have a colleague. Everyone I see seems to need a colleague, so I take it for granted I shall not have one right away.

GLIMPSES OF A BORDER LAND

BY MISS ABBIE G. CHAPIN

(Miss Chapin is supported by Christian Endeavor Societies, and her letters to them are full of interest.)

THREE women have recently unbound their feet here in the little Kalgan Church. That may sound like a small thing for which to exult and praise God, but not to anyone who knows of the power which that custom still has in these parts. These Christian women have not been able, in the past years, to come to the point of facing the ridicule and contempt of others, and doing this hard thing for Jesus' sake. Two of them had what are called "false feet," that is, their feet, although bound quite small, were much larger than the shoe would indicate, as the heel was propped upon

an inclined block of wood inside the shoe, and was up where one's ankle belongs, so they really walked almost on their toes. But the third woman, who is the wife of a native preacher, and the hard-working mother of four children, had "real feet," or in other words they were bound so closely that the toe and heel nearly met. Then they were enclosed in a tiny slipper only five and a half inches long, while the instep was pressed up in a large hump. Her feet in their new, natural-shaped shoes are little larger than those of her five-year-old daughter, and will always remain pitifully misshapen and crippled, yet the flat sole is easier to stand and walk upon, and



PEOPLE ON THRESHING FLOOR NEAR KALGAN, NORTH CHINA

she has the joy of feeling that she has done what she could to consecrate her feet to God, and throw her influence on the side of reform.

You know, perhaps, that Kalgan is on the boundary line between China proper and Mongolia. We see many Mongols on the streets as they come down to trade horses and cattle for cloth and grain and other things. Never have such throngs of them been seen as during the past few months. Thousands of Mongols, men, women and children, have made the pilgrimage to Peking to worship the Dalai Lama. This dignitary is the head of the Buddhist Church in Tibet and Mongolia, and is considered by them to be the

reincarnation of Buddha. The succession to the office is now determined by lot, from the names of children whose birth about the time of each Lama's death is marked by some supposedly miraculous sign. The real power is in the hands of subordinates who manage to put the Lama out of the way when he gets old enough to have a mind of his own, but the present incumbent has been allowed to live to the age of thirty-two.

When the British made their successful expedition into Tibet five years ago, the Dalai Lama fled. After various journeyings and stoppings he came with his large retinue of thousands to make a stay of several months in Peking. The Chinese do not worship or reverence him, but for political reasons he was welcomed with ceremony and entertained as the guest of the government. At that time throngs of Mongols traveled from their far away grassy plains over weary miles of mountain roads and dusty valleys, hoping to lay up merit for the future life by bowing before this selfish, sensual, ignorant man. They offered their gifts of silver, which in many cases meant sacrifice and suffering to the bearers. The recipient, meanwhile, rolls in his acquired wealth, and sends servants as far as Shanghai to purchase all sorts of European goods and "gimcracks" which have tickled his fancy.

During our recent journey down to Peking and back, we had opportunity to watch the pilgrims coming and going, sometimes in such numbers as almost to block the road. Here we would see a jolly party on horseback, racing along with song and shout, while perhaps the next party would be toiling on foot with heavy burdens on their backs. We saw many an old grandmother so shrivelled and bent that she looked scarcely larger than the baby tucked in beside her in the tiny ox cart. Once in awhile there would be a large party on camels. These people were dressed in furs from head to foot. Loads of household goods, such as tents, little stoves, bedding, sacks of grain, etc., were piled upon other camels. They showed by their costumes that they belonged to the more remote tribes and had journeyed all the way from the borders of Siberia. All were bent upon the same errand—to us so sad and fruitless—the seeking of peace where it could not be found.

The Mongols are more superstitious, more bigoted, more devout in their religion than the Chinese. For this reason, and because of their roving, nomadic life, missionary work among them is very difficult. James Gilmour, of sainted memory, spent many years of his life among them with little seeming outward fruit. But such work and seed-sowing cannot be lost. God's harvest time must one day come. Then we shall see Christian Mongols. Pray for the few Swedish missionaries scattered among

them, in their isolation and loneliness. These servants of God are doing a hard work with faith and patience. And pray for Kalgan, which our Board feels it can no longer occupy, for lack of funds. The railroad from Peking to Kalgan is almost completed. This will make it a strategic point. God must want us to raise money and workers to "Hold the Fort" here and press on to territory farther north, when thousands of Chinese immigrants are taking up land on the Mongol plains.

STATION CLASSES

The first station class was held at Yen Chin, a market town about eleven miles from Tung-chou, where twelve women and girls studied the whole or part of the twelve days' session. Being delayed by sickness in our household, the Bible woman, Mrs. Chao, went by herself, and on my reaching there a week later, the class was running nicely, with the help of a Christian girl who had studied in Tung-chou. Throughout the class the interest and spirit of harmony were gratifying. In our Tung-chou classes there is generally a quarrel of some sort before the month is over. This is not strange when one considers what it means to gather a number of newly converted and heathen women, often strangers to one another, and place them and the babies they have to bring with them, in such close quarters for a month. In spite of this, there was no trouble in the Yen Chin class. Three of the women had attended a class in Tung-chou, and so felt their responsibility toward those to whom study was new. It was, indeed, encouraging to see that three of the most earnest ones were, but a few months ago, among those women of whom I wrote last year, asking for them your prayers, as they were persecuting the men of their families who had become Christians.

You may be interested to know that the expense to us for the twelve women for twelve days was six dollars. Fifty cents per day for the whole class provided their fuel, lights, corn meal and millet. As is our custom at Tung-chou, they were expected to provide their own cabbage, salt, oil, tea, etc., but the little group of Christian men at that place took up a collection and donated these things, also giving the women a meal of white flour the closing day. That dinner of "dough strings" was a "show" to us, but a delight to their hearts. The flour is mixed with water only into a very stiff dough, and then rolled out and cut into long, narrow strips. These are boiled, then plunged into cold water to toughen them, fished out into bowls and covered with a dressing of meat, oil, mushrooms, etc. When they are eaten one end is introduced into the mouth by means of the chopsticks. It is good form to secure the rest of the string by sucking it in, rather than biting it off, so there is "music in the air" during the meal. The quantity con-

sumed by that crowd without any alarming results would have shaken the foundation theories of an American physician who had not lived in the Orient.

As I write six women are studying their gospel primers and catechisms out loud, while the baby and his eight-year-old sister lie sleeping through the babel of sound. These six and the little girl have studied right through, while three others stayed for only part of the time and left for various reasons. I want you to know these women as they are a representative group:—

Mrs. Li, the only one who has studied before, having attended one class in Tung-chou, united with the church on probation several years ago, but because of a tendency to revert to an old habit of pilfering grain when glean- ing in the fields, she has not been allowed to come into full membership. During these past days, however, her whole manner and words and prayers have led us to believe that she is truly trusting Christ as her Saviour and is trying to pattern her life after his commands. Her husband is an opium smoker, and they are reduced to poverty. Two girls and a boy are at school in Tung-chou, but the little four-year-old at home is the naughtiest, most ungoverned youngster imaginable. Such days of intimate touch with these women give many opportunities to try and help them learn something about the care and training of their little ones, but it is slow work. One only wonders that as many live to grow up as do, and that there are not even worse results in after life than there are from their poor dwarfed, untrained little souls and neglected bodies.

Mrs. Wang, under thirty years of age, homely and coarse, yet kindly and tremendously in earnest about study, is the wife of a church member, and is, herself, on probation. They have been steadfast under much petty per- secution from unbelieving relatives, and are the only Christians as yet in their village. She has made wonderful progress in reading, these ten days, and in the amount of new truth taken in. Very little time has she spared for her baby these few precious days of opportunity, but the eight-year-old sister is bribed with pennies or driven by threats to pack him around astride of her neck while she holds on to him by one leg. He, meanwhile, smears his stick of candy over her hair or pounds her head, now gleefully, now wrathfully. We have become very fond of the dirty, cute, irresistible little fellow. When he is asleep or with the mother then his sister studies a little.

Another bright woman is Mrs. Jen, over forty, and not a Christian. We hardly understand her motives for joining the class, but they seem to be a mixture of desire to find work in Tung-chou for her husband and son, and a Christian husband for her daughter, so that she will not be ill-treated.

On the other hand she enjoys study and seems to believe somewhat in the truth, for she prays for certain things, especially the healing of a little son sick with an incurable disease. Being a woman of quick temper, and her children resembling her, the family are continually quarreling. Her eighteen-year-old daughter-in-law, also in the class, is the drudge of the family. Neither husband nor mother-in-law have any liking for her, and consequently abuse her. It is true she may be childish and heedless and given to answering back and giggling, but the poor child loves us, and has studied hard. A light comes into her lusterless eyes when she tells us that since she has learned to pray she no longer plans about a way to end her life, as she did before.

One morning we heard a row and crying in their yard, and the elder Mrs. Jen came over to say that her son was thrashing his wife. The mother-in-law said that the girl deserved it because she carelessly soiled a garment she was making for her husband, and then got spunky when he ordered her to rip and remake it, as she preferred to come over to class. The other women all ran over, Chinese fashion, to hold him off and make peace between them. The whole thing made me fairly sick, but in the afternoon the girl came back with head, hands and wrists swollen and discolored from the blows of the rattan duster handle he used on her, and her eyes swollen with weeping. Yet she was ready to laugh over it in the pathetic fashion of those who get hardened to cruelty. When her husband came brazenly into the little service on Sunday, she seemed pleased enough and begged a catechism for him, saying he would study it and teach her evenings.

The other who stayed through the class is Miss Chang. Her mother came at first, but was very slow at learning, and anxious about matters at home, so she went back and sent her daughter, a bright, lady-like girl of fifteen, who would so gladly unbind her feet and go to school, but is prevented by the heathen family into which she was betrothed in infancy. Her father drinks and smokes opium, but the mother and a dear, old, blind grandmother have become Christians. The girl has read through the gospel primer, and is now learning the hymn, "He leadeth me," to teach her grandmother. The women are all anxious to sing, so we devote a half-hour three times a day to singing, out of the seven hours which we spend daily sitting Turk fashion on the kang around little tables. Some of the results are far from musical, but the singers enjoy it just as much, and the hymns will be such a comfort to them in days to come.

At our informal evening worship, after the Bible woman has read and explained a parable, and three or four have made their simple, broken

prayers, we often linger and talk for some time. They tell of their lives in the past, or of their new experiences since trying to follow Christ, or their special trials and hardships. Then we give words of help and advice, or answer their questions about the great, wonderful, unknown world outside their narrow horizon, or about the blessed life hereafter. These are the times that send one to her night's rest on the kang, feeling that it is all more than worth while, in spite of a body and heart weary from the contact with dirt, vulgarity and sin. They have brought new glimpses of the Master himself, who has come down into it also, and is leading out those who shall be saved and transformed into his image at last. Thank God, we may thus be workers together with him who "went about all the cities and villages preaching the gospel of the kingdom."

God help us to be faithful, each in his place.

THE CALL TO WOMEN FROM STRICKEN CILICIA

BY MRS. ISABEL TROWBRIDGE MERRILL

(This appeal came to us too late for our August issue, but the need grows daily more urgent as winter draws near, and these desolate ones must face bitter cold as well as hunger and unspeakable loneliness.)

BY far the greater proportion of the surviving Christians in the recent massacres in Turkey, and in some places the only ones, are women and children, and most of these are utterly destitute, possessing only the clothing they were wearing. This fact is of itself sufficient reason why the call from this stricken land should appeal most loudly to the hearts and sympathies of the women of this country.

The work of the Woman's Boards has been affected to a large extent. The girls' school in Adana was the scene of many of the saddest events, as well as the place of refuge for hundreds and later a hospital for the wounded. Eighty bullet holes were counted in the walls and roof. Many of the out-stations where the Woman's Board had schools and Bible women have been wholly or in part destroyed. Because of the disturbed condition of the country, and also because so many of the fathers and wage-earners have been killed, the people will not be able to send their daughters to the higher boarding schools. City parents will be afraid to trust their daughters away from home as village teachers. The chief problem facing many of our people will be how to get enough to eat, and for the time being this will have to take the precedence of all else.

These effects will best be understood by describing the conditions in one

or two out-stations regarding which we have had some particulars. One of these is Hassan Beyli—a large village in the Amanus Mountains, which for many years has been one of the most promising places where we had work. This village has sent an unusually large proportion of girls to the seminary at Aintab, and of recent years the people have shown considerable enterprise in helping themselves. The women, though very poor, and seldom having any ready money, have done much for their little church. They have made curtains for the windows and mottoes for the walls. With their contribution of butter, goats' hair and cocoons they raised the money for an organ for the church. Each year they made underclothing and stockings for the hospital at Aintab, and after the seminary fire they sent money for the large clock that hangs now on the wall of the study hall. Last year the people themselves raised money for the support of a separate boys' school, which was started last September, besides promising two months' salary for the teacher of the W. B. M. school. Through the work of the Bible woman, Guillu Koundakjian, nearly all the younger women and girls of the town had learned to read, a statement which could not be made for many places in Turkey. The women had begun to plan to have a kindergarten which they expected to support themselves.

What is the condition of this village now? The dear old pastor, Rev. Hagop Koundakjian, who has been called "The apostle of the mountains," was killed with one of his sons, while another son has disappeared, and eighteen other men of the Koundakjian name were among the slain. Only five of the Protestant men are left alive. All the houses in the place were burned and even the foundations dug up in search of plunder. The church is gone, the school is gone, and the teacher too, a young college graduate. Nearly all the inhabitants who survived, mostly women and children, were taken to Baghche and Islahieh, where the government gave them a ration of black bread. Dr. Shepard, going to them from Aintab, found these refugees in the utmost destitution, and he says the bread was hardly sufficient to support life. The women and children were trying to eke out this allowance by gathering roots and herbs on the hills. And just at this juncture, had it not been for his protests, the government would have sent these miserable people back to their ruined village, with no shelter, no protection, no bedding, no clothing and no food, beyond the promise of the black bread.

Much the same story of wretchedness might be told of the town of Kessab, near Antioch, another of our most hopeful out-stations, particularly as regards women's work. Miss Chambers, the missionary here, had gone to attend the mission meeting at Adana, so here also the people had no one to

whom to flee. They heard of the approaching Moslem mob and the women fled to the mountains the day before, carrying their babies and a few possessions on their backs, while the men stayed behind to defend their homes. But Kessab, too, was burned, including, if reports are correct, the girls' high school and the mission house. Miss Chambers has now returned there to do what she can for the people, who, like those from Hassan Beyli, were to be sent back to their "homes." But what discouragement and difficulties they have to face, and what have they in store for them but famine and starvation, not to mention their hopeless sorrow over loved ones gone, homes devastated, schools and churches in ruins?

In contrast to the massacres of 1895-96, at this time a great many women and children were killed without mercy, in the effort to cut off the whole SOME OF THE Christian population. Many more were carried off by Turks SUFFERERS. and Kurds to a fate perhaps more dreadful than death. Some had marvelous escapes. One such was Blind Mary, the teacher of the school for the blind in Oorfa. When the church in Osmanieh, where so many of the pastors lost their lives, was set on fire, she, with the other women of the party, was taken to the government house, and later obtained permission to continue her journey to Adana, which she did, together with the wife of the pastor, former matron of Marash College. These two women came on in company with an English tourist, and were the sole bearers of the awful story of Osmanieh. The young woman who was teaching in Hassan Beyli was carried off by a Kurdish chief, but succeeded in getting word to her relatives in Aintab, and through the kindness of the governor there was at last returned in safety.

Another still more remarkable instance was the case of the wife of the pastor at Fekke. When her husband and the other pastors of the Hadjin field were killed at a Circassian village, she was a witness of the tragedy. Though stabbed herself again and again and left for dead, she recovered enough to drag herself through the grain fields, and finally reach Sis, to tell the Christian friends there of the fate of her companions.

Mariam Arakelyan, for many years superintendent of the work of the Woman's Board in Kessab and vicinity, fled from her home there just before the place was attacked, and hid with some other women in a cave in the mountains. They were discovered, and the men who captured them took all they had in the way of money and ornaments and even most of their clothing, Mariam, herself, being left with only her underclothing. Her captor urged her three times to become a Moslem, promising to protect her if she would, but she refused, telling him she would never yield. Just at this point some friendly men in the party, on finding out that some of the women

and children were relatives of a well-known physician, took their part and conducted them in safety to a Turkish village, to the house of a Greek priest. Mariam writes that the men had already drawn their knives to kill the children, so we can perhaps realize what a narrow escape it was.

Mariam Koundakjian, pastor's wife at Hassan Beyli, having lost home, all her possessions, husband, two sons, besides nearly all the men of the large family, was among the refugees at Baghche. Her youngest boy she had with her, having saved him by hiding him repeatedly under her skirts. Gulizar, a former teacher in the Hadjin Home, and for two years the happy wife of the young pastor at Adiaman, had remained at home while her husband went to the Conference. Her first baby, a little son, was born just after she heard the news of her husband's tragic death. Mariam, the wife of our faithful and beloved Pastor Giragos, of Severeke, was in Oorfa when the news of the old man's martyrdom reached her, and we are told that, hiding her own sorrow, she went out at once with Miss Shattuck to comfort the younger widows who had had the same heart-breaking news. There were four wives of pastors in Oorfa and the near-by village of Garmouch, and to all came the same sad message. Miss Trowbridge writes of one of them—Hripsime of Garmouch—that she received the news very calmly, and later wrote a beautiful letter to her own family, and she adds, "Thank God that there is such a faith, trained before, to hold fast when such a storm comes."

Another sad case is that of Louisa Heghinyan, a graduate of the girls' college in Constantinople, and wife of Pastor Nazaret, of Marash. For several years, while her husband was studying in Scotland, she taught in Marash College, or worked as a Bible woman in Killis. When at last she and her little girls were joyfully anticipating her husband's return, he was thrown into prison in the capital; we feared at first for a long term, but at the proclamation of the constitution in July last he was released, and returned to his church and his people, where he has worked efficiently for nine months. Pastor Nazaret was in the little company who witnessed with their lives at Osmanieh, and gentle Louisa Hanum is again alone with little Rosa and Marie, and her memories of the short year with her husband.

1. *We can use our influence to help forward the relief work.* Money has not come in as was hoped. In Adana city alone 14,000 are

WHAT CAN WE DO? dependent on the missionaries. Foreign business men have closed their factories and gone away, so that there is no work, even though the people had the strength and freedom to labor. Shopkeepers have lost their shops and artisans their tools. The 6,000 soldiers now stationed there are eating up the provisions of the city. People

who venture out to work in the fields are attacked. Epidemics are carrying off many, and this is only in one city. Some in this country seem indifferent to these needs, because they think the Armenians themselves were to blame for the outbreak. Would it not be well to take pains to find out the facts in the matter? Even if a few unwise hot-heads did make a disturbance, surely that is no reason for denying the help we could give to the thousands who were loyal and innocent. The leading Mohammedan paper in Constantinople testifies to the fact that the massacre was ordered and organized from the capital, and recent letters show that similar orders were sent to other provinces in the empire, but not carried out. Of course, these people cannot be fed on charity forever, and in five months winter will be upon them. There is need for far-sighted planning for the future.

2. *We can plan definitely for the support of the widows of the murdered pastors and workers.* Nearly all of these women are graduates of our mission schools, and some have had college training. They are among our finest workers. All would be well-fitted to become Bible women, having already done much work of this kind. Moreover, the work of the Bible women will be all the more important now, especially in places where the churches have been left pastorless. The German committee, with which Pastor Lohmann is connected, has already taken prompt action in regard to the orphans, and has telegraphed to Marash ordering the German friends there to rent as many houses as may be necessary for their accommodation. One paper states that they are planning also a special home for the children of pastors. Cannot we, friends of this work in Turkey, plan to help at least some of the widows? To do so would not only relieve their need, but would secure to the work of the Woman's Boards some of the most efficient workers to be had.

3. *We must strengthen the work we already have.* The girls' schools of higher grade will need more than their usual appropriations, as the people will not be able to contribute to their support, or even to pay the usual fees in many cases. Appropriations for Bible women should be greatly increased, and the day schools in the villages not allowed to close, because of the inability of the people to pay their promised share of the salaries. Perhaps in some cases, societies or individuals interested in some special work may be able to find out the special needs of that place, as, for example, in cases where the school building has been burned. At this critical juncture in Turkey, let our hearts respond to the call, both for renewed activity in old lines, and for special help to those who have been brought to know Christ through our work in the past.

BOOK NOTICES

A Lily of France. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Published by The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

The Spell of Italy. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

There are three gracious and gifted women whom we always think of together. They are warm, personal friends; their denominational affiliations are with the Baptist Church, and they are each prominent in essential service to the United Study of Missions: Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, the chairman of that organization; Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, the author of one of the most popular of the series, *The Island World*, and lecturer at Northfield, Chautauqua, and other summer schools where the United Study is exploited; Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason, the author of the second book in the series, *A Study of India*, and of much else. Her satire in *The Little Green God* on the large mental hospitality given to the false faiths of non-Christian lands in Christian America was very cleverly done, and the little brochure had a large sale. Now that Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark's book on *The Gospel in Latin Lands* is the second in the new series of United Study, Mrs. Mason's historical novel, *A Lily of France*, makes most timely and interesting reading.

The scene is laid in the days of William the Silent, and deals with the cruel persecutions of the Netherland Protestants by Philip of Spain and Alva. The love story of the Prince of Orange and Charlotte de Bourbon, who is, against her will, Abbess of Jonarre, gives us a glimpse into two white souls in striking contrast to the treachery and cruelty about them.

The book is a fine exposition of the animus of the Romish Church toward all who defied their sway in the sixteenth century. It is considered so historically accurate that the Prime Minister of Holland caused it to be translated into Dutch.

The publishers of Mrs. Mason's latest work, *The Spell of Italy*, have given us a most attractive specimen of the book-making art. Some fifty illustrations and a map of Italy enrich the volume. There are pictures of people as well as places, and some familiar reproductions of famous paintings and statuary.

On a very slender thread of story much useful and interesting information is given of the political situation in New Italy, and of the relations between the government and the Vatican. Entire chapters are given to Perugia, Siena and Verona, Assisi and other prominent cities. One chapter is devoted to "Authors in Italy." This book will be a distinct help to the study of *The Gospel in Latin Lands*.

G. H. C.

Our Work at Home

THE NORTHFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL

BY MRS. J. E. BRADLEY

THE growing interest in the study of missions was well illustrated by the summer conference on foreign missions at Northfield, July 22-29. A program prepared by a committee from nine denominations interested in this United Study was most successfully carried out. The general meetings were held in the auditorium, which is the gathering place for all the conferences which have made Northfield famous. The object of this conference was to familiarize its members with the needs and opportunities of the work in Latin lands, as presented in the text-book for the year. It was a fine gathering of representative women, nearly all of whom wore the little white badge, which showed that they had registered for real study.

Our own Miss Stanwood, chairman of the general committee, had the oversight of all the meetings, introduced the president of each day and presided (in her own graceful way) over most of the larger meetings. One hundred and eight ladies from seventeen Branches represented the Congregational constituency. The other denominations were well represented, the total registration being nearly four hundred.

Mr. W. R. Moody gave us welcome at the opening services, and Mrs. F. E. Clark made the address, with vivid description of the work of the Waldenses. Each day at 9 A. M. a Bible reading was given by Mr. Charles T. Studd of Cambridge, England. A deep interest centered in him because of his conversion during his student days under Mr. Moody's preaching, and because of his great work in China and among the college men of England and the United States.

Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery gave a daily lecture on the study book, summarizing the history and present condition of the peoples of Italy, France, Spain, Mexico, Austria and South America.

Following these lectures, an hour was given each day to practical questions concerning missionary meetings and study classes. Mrs. Germond, of Connecticut, led these meetings ably, and much valuable help was gained.

The afternoons were free for diversions, or for drives to Mt. Hermon or elsewhere. An acquaintance social was held one day, and on another the denominational rallies took place.

The Congregational ladies met on the lawn in front of Betsey Moody Cottage. Miss Stanwood welcomed them, by Branches, and brought many practical matters to their attention. A few words were spoken by the missionaries present—Mr. Merrill, Mrs. McNaughton, the Misses Gleason and Matthews. At 6.45 P. M. each day, a prayer service was held on Round Top, the beautiful hill, sacred as the resting place of Mr. and

Mrs. Dwight L. Moody. Among the evening lecturers were Rev. J. P. Jones of Madura, Rev. J. E. Merrill of Aintab, Rev. Geo. L. Berry of the McAll Mission, Miss Clementina Butler, whose six years of residence in Mexico has made her deeply interested in "these our neighbors," Rev. Dr. Zwemer of Arabia, and Rev. Pierce Chamberlain of Brazil.

On Sunday Dr. F. E. Clark preached an eloquent sermon, far reaching in outlook, and coming close to the hearts of his hearers, as again and again he reiterated his text, "Watchman What of the Night," with its hopeful refrain, "The Morning Cometh." The missionary rally came Sunday evening after the tender Round Top service. Miss Stanwood presented each of the missionaries who were seated on the platform, and several made short addresses. Thus we were drawn closer to the workers and the Master they serve, and the inspiring services of the Sabbath closed with a benediction by Dr. Clark, whose very presence was a blessing. Only mention can be made of the other days of service and teaching which followed each other in delightful succession, of the great model Sunday school, with its six hundred and sixty scholars, of the reception on Saturday, given at the Northfield, or of the beauty and influence of Northfield itself. Each person who has once visited this sacred mountain top, must forever bear in his heart, a great longing to return—to breathe again its invigorating air, to see again its matchless landscapes, and to feel again the spirit of the great founder, whose life work and influence continues and extends in the hundreds of young people who are educated in Northfield's two great schools, and in the quickening of the soul life of its many visitors who yearly gather at its many conferences.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS

STUDY FOR 1909-10

THE GOSPEL IN LATIN LANDS

October.—The Gospel in Italy.

November.—Thank Offering Meeting.

December.—The Gospel in France.

January.—The Gospel in Spain, Austria, Portugal.

February.—The Gospel in Mexico, Central America, the West Indies.

March.—The Gospel in Western South America.

April.—The Gospel in Eastern South America.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER

In this first meeting for study we may take up a few general questions whose answers will help through all the course.

What is the meaning of "Catholic"? How is the phrase Roman Catholic self-contradicting? Name other branches of the Catholic church. Name countries where the Roman Catholic faith prevails, and give approximately their population.

Meaning of "Protestant." When and why was this term applied to our branch of the church? Compare the so-called Protestant nations with the Roman Catholic.

Describe the organization of the Papal church. Speak of its missionary activities. What is the position of the Papal church in the United States? in your community? What doctrines do they hold which we reject, and *vice versa*?

To answer these questions and others springing out of them will involve study of histories, encyclopedias and magazines, but they are points with which intelligent women ought to be acquainted.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

THE forty-second annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Park Street Church, Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, November 10 and 11, 1909, with a delegates' meeting on Tuesday, November 9th. The ladies of Suffolk Branch will be happy to entertain delegates from a distance appointed by the Branches, and women who have ever been under appointment as missionaries by the Woman's Board or the American Board. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names and addresses, with statement of Branch appointment, to the chairman of the hospitality committee, Mrs. J. C. Lane, 704 Congregational House, Boston, before October 1st.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from June 18 to July 18, 1909.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Auburn, Aux., Mrs. L. A. Wagg, 10; Gardner, South, Miss'y Club, 8; Lovell, Col. at Union Conf., 6; Stow, Mrs. Charles Day, 1; Waterford, Aux., 3, 28 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St., Concord. Candia, Aux., 12.50, Candia Helpers, 5; Concord, South Ch., Evening Miss. Soc., 10; Dunbarton, C. E. Soc., 2; Farmington, Aux., 25; Gilmanton, Aux., 7; Hampton, Aux., 50; Keene, First Ch., Y. L. M. S., 5. C. R., 6, M. B., 2; Newport, S. S., 5; Salmon Falls, Miss Norcross' S. S. Ch., 1.50; Straford Conf., 5; Tilton, Aux., 20, Mrs. Young's S. S. Ch., 8, 164 00

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford, Barre, C. E. Soc., 20; Burlington, First Ch., Aux., 25, Opportunity Cir., 25; Cabot, Aux., 8; Cornwall, Prim. S. S., 3.50; Hartford, Aux., 11.90; Newbury, C. E. Soc., 2.50; Pittsford, Aux., 61.50, Nickwackett Club, 3.56; Shoreham, S. S., 10; Springfield, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Westminster, West, Aux., 10.40, 186 36

LEGACY.

Bennington.—Margaret P. McIntire, by Harrison I. Norton, Extr., add'l, 639 35

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berkeley St., Reading. Andover, Seminary Ch., Sunbeam M. C., 4.50, South Ch., Home Dept., S. S., 30; Billerica, Aux.,

2.50; Lawrence, South, Jr. C. E. Soc., 75 cts.; Medford, Union Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Melrose Highlands, Woman's League, 14; Montvale, Church, 5, 61 75

Barnstable Branch.—Mrs. C. E. Delano, Treas., Box 296, Falmouth. South Dennis, Ladies' Miss'y Soc., 17 75

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Edward Tolman, Treas., 47 Reed St., Pittsfield, Dalton, Mrs. Louise F. Crane, 100; Hinsdale, Aux., 18.62; Pittsfield, South Ch., Aux., 15.05. Less expenses, 6.68, 126 99

Boston.—Friends, 15; Miss Elizabeth J. Wilkins, 50 cts., 15 50

Cambridge.—Friends, through Mrs. E. C. Moore, 7 00

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah R. Saford, Treas., Hamilton. North Beverly, Aux., Len. Off., 10; Peabody, South Ch., Aux., 200; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., 1, S. S., Prim. Dept., 10, 221 00

Franklin County Branch.—Mrs. John P. Logan, Treas., 3 Grinnell St., Greenfield. Orange, Aux., 4 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Hatfield, Aux., 26.01, Wide Awakes, 5.14; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 9.04; So. Hadley, Friend, 40 cts., 40 59

Lexington.—Mrs. C. C. Goodwin, 10 00

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Campello, Aux., 60, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Milton, East, Aux., 5; Quincy, Bethany Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 7, 77 00

North Middlesex Branch.—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Shirley, Aux., 30; Westford, Aux., 10, 40 00

Old Colony Branch.—Miss Frances J. Runnels, Treas., 166 Highland Ave., Fall River. West Wareham, Mrs. Julia R. Morse, 39 60

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Fund, Friend, 41.20; Chicopee, Third Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 91.50, Second Ch., Agnes R. Allyn Mem. Fund, 20, 157 70

Suffolk Branch.—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge, Friend, 1.16; Anburndale, Aux., 7.50; Boston, Old South Ch., Aux., Friend, 2.50; Boston, South, Phillips Ch., Aux., 1.30; Brighton, Aux., 50; Brookline, Leyden Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 7.81; Cambridge, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Miss. Soc., 17.30, Prospect St. Ch., C. E. Soc., 15; Dedham, Aux. (add'l Len. Off., 1), 10, Miss Martha C. Burgess, 100, Chicatawbut Club, 15; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 14, Second Ch., Aux., 68.01, S. S., 10; Everett, First Ch., Inter. C. E. Soc., 2; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., W. F. M. S., 15; Medway, Village Ch., Ladies' Soc., 10; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux. (add'l Len. Off., 2.20), 9; Newton, Eliot Ch., 15, First Ch., Maria B. Furber Soc., 25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 7.76; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 25, Imm-Walnut Ave. Ch., C. R., 5.34; Roxbury, West, South Evan. Ch., Anatolia Club, 40; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., 10, Winter Hill Ch., C. R., 3.75; Waltham, Aux., 40, C. E. Soc., 5; Watertown, Phillips Ch., Aux., 17, 925 63

Wellesley.—Friend, 5; Wellesley College, Class of '97, 42, 47 00

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Gardner, Aux., 122.24, Helping Hand Soc., 3.71; Leicester, C. E. Soc., 12; Oakham, Sunshine Cir., 3; Southbridge, Aux., 17.82; Spencer, Y. W. M. C., 10; Ware, Aux. (to const. L. M's Mrs. C. E. Fenn, Mrs. J. Apperson, Miss Mabel Southworth, Miss Edith Sibley, Miss Jennie Cheever, Miss Ethel H. Naylor), 172.26; Westboro, Aux., 12.65; Worcester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 65.14, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, L. L. B., 6.64. Less 58.80 received from Northbridge Aux. by error in June, paid to Treas. Woman's Home Miss'y Assoc., 371 66

Total, 2,163 17

LEGACY.

North Amherst.—Alice L. Ray, by S. W. Russell, Extr., 50 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Friend, 100 00

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Danielsou, Aux., 16.36; New London, Mrs. J. N. Harris, 440; Taftville, C. E. Soc., 5; Willimantic, C. R., 7, Jr. M. B., 1.20; Windham, Prim. S. S. Class, 1, 470 56

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 212.50; Berlin, Aux., 15, C. R., 9.49; Bristol, Aux., 20.17; Burnside, Aux., 9; East Windsor, C. R., 8.48; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Girls' M. C., 38, Fourth Ch., Aux., 24.32. Dan. of Cov., 22.52, Park Ch., Aux., 5.50; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 186.29, South Ch., Miss Mary L. Stanley, 32; Suffield, W. F. M. S., 5.74; Talcottville, M. C., 30, 619 01

New Haven Branch.—Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven.

Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., Aux., 8; Centerbrook, Aux., 15; Chester, Aux., 95; Cornwall, Aux., 35; Cromwell, Aux., 10; Derby, First Ch., Aux., 10.50; East Hampton, Aux., 48.50; East Haven, Aux., 12; Ellsworth, 12; Guilford, Third Ch., 14.25; Harwinton, 10; New Haven, Center Ch., Aux., 100; Davenport Ch., 18, Howard Ave. Ch., 35, Pilgrim Ch., Y. L. Cir., 30, United Ch., 464; Orange Aux., 56.25; Portland, Aux., 14; Seymour, Aux., 15; Stratford, Aux., 10.67; Thomaston, Aux., 3; Washington, Aux., 4.90; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 11; Winchester, Ch., 4.46; Winsted, Second Ch., Aux., 72.35, 1,108 88

Total, 2,198 45

LEGACY.

Elizabeth C. Munger, through Treas. New Haven Branch. 240 00

NEW YORK.

Friend, 2 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Philadelphia Branch.—Miss Emma Flavell, Treas., 312 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 75, C. R., 8.38, Miss. Club, 100, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux., 37; Md., Baltimore, Associate Ch., Aux., 15, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; N. J., Asbury Park, S. S., 5; Bound Brook, Aux., 36, Pilgrim Workers, 33; East Orange, First Ch., Aux., 101; Montclair, Aux., 76.85; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Y. W. Aux., 7, 499 23

IOWA.

Des Moines.—Miss A. D. Merrill, 5 00

CALIFORNIA.

Ceres.—Friends, through Miss Hoppin,* 16; San Diego, Miss Susan E. Thatcher, 30, 46 00

*(Mass.—Williamstown, Miss S. V. Hopper, 10; T. H. Honolulu, Mrs. Mary S. Beihau, 5, Miss Elizabeth Hardaway, 1.)

GIFTS RECEIVED THROUGH BUILDINGS COMMITTEE.

Massachusetts.—Gardner, Mrs. Milton A. Creed, 25; Whitinsville, Mrs. G. M. Whittin, 50; Worcester, Mrs. F. B. Knowles, 100, 175 00

Donations, 5,291 71
Buildings, 226 00
Work of 1909, 5 00
Specials, 44 50
Legacies, 929 35

Total, \$6,496 56

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1908 TO JULY 18, 1909.

Donations, 75,762 82
Buildings, 5,091 35
Work of 1909, 11,544 10
Specials, 2,650 54
Legacies, 14,999 90

Total, \$110,048 71

Board of the Pacific

President.

MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON,
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MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.

MRS. J. K. McLEAN.

A TRIP IN NORTH CHINA

BY MISS LAURA A. JONES

WE, the Bible woman and I, started for Hsiao Ch'en, November 5th. The distance is not thirty miles, but it was just after a rain, and the roads bad, and the poorly fed mules made less than seventeen miles the first day. We had to stop at an inn for the night, and fortunately it was an exceptionally comfortable one.

The next morning early we started for Hsiao Ch'en once more, and made it before breakfast, about noon! That is the way the Chinese all do when traveling. They like to start early and get in a good bit of traveling before they stop to eat. They devour any number of cakes and dumplings, which are to be had for a few cash along the way, but these are bought and eaten as they go. I draw the line at dumplings, but with an ample dressing of "hunger sauce" it is surprising how good the gritty cakes can taste.

On reaching our destination we found that owing to the rain, some misunderstanding and some neglect my message had not been sent to the women to come to the class, so no one was there.

Word was sent at once, and I decided to go on for another place ten miles away, but there was a river in the way, and as we could not cross we had to go around it, which made the road almost as far again. We had, however, a very nice visit with the people of the village, and the next day returned to Hsiao Ch'en. There had gathered a few women to begin studying by the time we got back, and with these we began, all the time expecting more, but they did not appear. One more came, and that was all. Altogether the class enrolled only ten women and girls, and two small boys just to make a disturbance. As some of the class were wanting to come to Pao-ting-fu to the six weeks' class that was to open here the early

part of December, and the rest were taking little interest in their lessons, I closed after ten days and started on to the place I was to teach the next class.

Ta Han was the name of the village, and 'twas forty miles further south. The days being so short that time of year, we had to start very early in order to make the place at which we planned to stop for the night. I settled with one of the "brethering" to hire me a cart that would be able to get me through to a place thirty miles on the way, where there is a church and comfortable quarters, so in the early morning we packed up and mounted our cart. 'Twas still too dark to see, so used my lantern to pack the cart. And when I saw that outfit I was glad I did not have to drive down Main Street in it, to say the least, for verily it was a spectacle! A country cart I knew it was to be, and I had said it was to have a mat cover, and sure enough it had. They had taken two tattered soiled mats and tied them together with bits of string, which, as we bounced along over the rough road, parted, leaving us a skylight, so to speak.

Then this fantastically covered vehicle was pulled by a once white, despondent old mule. The carter carried not a whip but a stick, with which he beat the poor beast most faithfully. The beast's back was quite immune to blows, so the carter whacked him about the head, but he only dodged, and it was only by striking his legs that he could be brought to a forlorn, limping trot. This was too painful to watch, so, being very cold, I walked much of the time, thus keeping warm and lightening the cart a little. That morning when we started there was a white fog, and as daylight came and the sun rose it changed to frost. Cold, oh, so cold, but beautiful as fairyland. Every branch and twig, yes, even the once white mule attained his natural color, almost, and the carter's cue and our tattered mat cover were white with feathery frost crystals. I enjoyed it very much when I walked, and by keeping a fairly slow gait the cart was not quite left out of sight, besides I did not know the way, so when I came to branch roads would have to wait for the cart to get within calling distance and ask which one to take.

Thus the day passed, but not much of the road, and night found us eight miles from the place we had planned to spend the night, and the "beast" about exhausted, but there was no inn, so we went on for another three miles where we found what they called one and asked for night's lodging. There were no rooms to be had at the inn, but the innkeeper said we should go to his home, so to his home we went, and on the way the small boys and hoodlums in general discovered us and in less time than it takes to tell it the street in front of the house was full, and as the room which that innkeeper called home was very small, and served as kitchen, dining and bedroom besides granary and storeroom in general, with a cloth loom in the middle,

there was not just a great deal of room to receive us in, not to mention the mob that wanted to see us. The room opened on the street and there was a paper window at one side and above the door a paper transom. The door could be shut but there was no keeping the crowd on the outside from tearing the window and transom, nor was there any way to keep the daughter of the house from letting in a few relatives and special friends when they clamored too loudly. I have said that it was boys who discovered us, and so it was, but as the word got out that such a thing as a foreigner (they had never seen one) was in town everybody came, men, women and children. Outside would come the call, "Open the door." "Who are you?" "I am your aunt, let me in." So she would be let in and with her would come everybody else till the little standing room was simply packed; then either the Bible woman or myself would clear them out and latch the door till the next time. I should say right here that the crowd was only curious and ill bred. No one angry but the old woman of the house, and she was not angry at us, but at the crowd. She "reviled deeply," so the Bible woman said. I knew she was "saying things," but am not up to her vocabulary as yet! Well, at last we decided to put out the light and see if they would not leave, so Mrs. Hsüeh crowded onto the kang with the woman and girl, and I spread my folding cot and we lay down in our clothing to wait for the morning. It came at last, but I had slept little for I expected that girl to get up any time and let in some of her aunts or cousins whom I feared might be lying in wait to look me over! But my fears were foolish for everybody seemed to sleep sweetly but the village watchman, who came by the door every hour beating his rattle furiously. He thought probably I would be afraid of thieves and beat his rattle to assure me that they were all scared away.

Early the next morning we started for Ta Han, which we reached at about noon. They were not expecting us for three days, and the man I had trusted to give the message to the women that I was coming had told the men, so the women did not know that they were to study till I arrived, and had neither time nor inclination for such things, or so they said at first.

If there are no men folks at home, a Chinese woman when asked if there is any one in, will invariably say "no." Well, we went to the house where we thought we were to stop. The old lady came out to the cart, but would not invite us to come in. We had come to stay, so told her so, and asked if she still had an empty room. She had but there was nobody at home. We asked if she wasn't somebody, and said her sons being away was of no consequence; and finally, much against her will, she decided we might stay, so we settled down to await developments and in the course of an hour the man who had taken my message to this village, and only half delivered it, came in, and I got further light on his ability at hearing things as he wants to hear them and telling them in the same way. I had said I would help

those who came from outside villages, half their food money. He had told them to come and that I would furnish everything. I had said that those of the place were to eat at home, that I would not furnish anything for them but the books they read. He had told the women nothing whatever, but had mentioned to the men to get ready for me by a certain date, that I was going to furnish food for all who would study. This had to be explained and I feared it would do much harm to the work, but it did not seem to. We were there six days and in the daytime we had but four studying, but of an evening and occasionally in the afternoon six or eight more would come in and study for an hour or two. They got some characters and we tried hard to help them to understand something of the things that "make for righteousness." These classes, though a great disappointment, were not quite the failure they at first threatened to be.

Having heard that Mr. and Mrs. Capen were to visit Pao-ting-fu at Thanksgiving time, I had decided to get home in time to see them, so arranged for a cart and animals that could hurry to come Wednesday morning to take me to the railway thirty miles distant. We would stop at the city of Tung-chou for the night and Thursday morning take the train that reaches here at half-past ten. We were up and ready to start by sunrise, but we waited and waited for that cart, and it has not come yet!

At last Mr. Chia succeeded in getting other animals and at eleven we started. A southwest wind was beginning to blow then, but 'twas not cold and the sky was clear, however we had not gone far when the dust grew thick, and as we got into the sand plain, which had to be crossed, the wind became fiercer and so full of sand that it was almost dark. The road was drifted out of sight, the sand plain lay before us as trackless as new fallen snow, the animals were blinded by the flying sand and refused to go, then the cover on our cart began to blow away. They gathered up the mats and put them on the cart (there was no spreading and tying them on again in the wind), and after awhile the storm passed to some extent, so we were able to make a village where we bought three or four pounds of cakes of which we all ate and gave some to the team, which, by the way, consisted of a forlorn old horse and a contrary little donkey driven tandem! The donkey would not pull and the horse could not do it all, especially when fagged and hungry, so we gave them some cakes and went on.

At last, long after dark, reached a place still more than eight miles from the railway station, but where we have some inquirers, and there stopped for the night.

The next morning the wind had changed to the north square in our faces, and the team, though somewhat rested, was far from what could be called in high spirits, but with an early start and the helper and I footing it, we made the train with twenty minutes to spare. Our watches were all wrong, but wrong in the right direction. They were fast, and I got home for dinner which made me "duely grateful," but missed the guests I had hoped so to see.

Such is life! I was ill from fatigue when I got home and utterly disgusted with everything, but since I am rested a little I am beginning to feel that perhaps it was not a so badly spent twenty-one days after all.

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ONE MILLION EXTRA DIMES FOR MISSIONS

OUR WATCH CRY: "A DIME SAVED FOR THE KINGDOM"

ENGLISH Congregationalists are raising for missions an extra fund of one million shillings. The Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior sends forth to its constituency a similar call. We ask for One Million Extra Dimes to meet present emergencies.

This amount will assure our budget of \$122,000, which includes \$15,000 deficit of 1908, and possibly erect some of the buildings endorsed at the Board Annual Meeting in 1908.

The need is urgent; the number of possible givers large; the investment by each is small; the dividends are certain.

Many hands and willing hearts will make this practical plan a glorious success. Board and Branch officers will do much, yet we depend on individual effort. Will you help?

Officers of Auxiliaries and Young Ladies' and Christian Endeavor Societies, Superintendents of Sunday schools and Mission Bands can promote the work. Why not ask each society in the church to be for a time a Lend-a-Hand Company, with a member of the Senior Auxiliary as Captain, and some officer of each of the Junior Societies as Lieutenants, each member to take from one to ten of the dime cards furnished by the W. B. M. I., and get them filled promptly with dimes, extra gifts, for work for the child wives and widows of India, the girls of Africa bought and sold like cattle, the women of China with bound feet and minds.

We are indebted to Miss Welpton, of Marash College, Turkey, for the original thought of the extra dimes. In May *Mission Studies* she makes the following helpful suggestions:—

The movement in England for a "Million Shillings" put into my heart a hope that we might, by our "denial schemes," and by all other special gifts we could make or get others to make, raise a fund known as A Million Dimes for Missions, and make the year, July, 1909-1910, a banner year.

"A Dime Saved for the Kingdom," our watch cry; a walk in place of a car ride; no ice cream sodas the day we go shopping; ironing our own waists, making some garment, rather than having some one else make it; small economies in dress, and a dozen other ways that you will remember. These all put together will make the Million Dimes for Missions possible in a year. These must naturally be extras, not taking from our regular gifts.

Women and children of the Interior will you respond? The women of India and China, of Japan and Turkey and Africa, of Mexico and Micronesia, will be asked to join in giving. Little children, brown and yellow, black and white and red, will send their piasters and their "cash," their annas and cowrie shells, fruit of self-denial, and precious in the Master's sight. Let us work and give for the coming kingdom.

For Christ, and in his name.

A TRIP AFTER THE UPRISING

BY MISS E. S. WEBB

ADANA, June 5, 1909.

I HAVE made recently a visit to Dürt Yole to take home the eight girls from that place who were in our school. It is one night by steamer across from Mersine to Alexandretta, and then six hours by wagon to Dürt Yole. During the drive we met several wagons and their travelers, both Moslem and Christian, the former usually carrying weapons, the latter without. The road seemed fairly safe, but we had a guard from the government. Apparently most of the fields in that region belong to Moslems. In many places they were reaping their wheat with the help of women and children. Near Enzerli we saw two or three groups of Armenian men coming from their fields.

All the Armenian houses of Enzerli and Ojablin, two villages near Dürt Yole, were burned, as also those of Najarlu, a village about eight hours distant, the inhabitants of these three places all taking refuge in Dürt Yole. Two of our preachers who were in the company from Najarlu compare it to the flight from Egypt. The younger children were put on the few animals found in the village, while all the rest walked. There were a

company of about one thousand, two hundred of whom were armed. All night and until noon the next day they hurried on, often falling over the stones, as they made long detours to avoid Moslem villagers. But with the exception of one family who lagged behind and were killed by the enemy, all succeeded in reaching Dürt Yole. They got in before the place was shut in by the hordes of besiegers, and were a great help in the defense of the place. All were besieged in this place for twelve days. The water supply was cut off, and they were under constant fire night and day for twelve days from some one thousand Moslem villagers crazy for blood and plunder. You already have the story from Mr. Kennedy, who finally succeeded in bringing the regular troops to their relief.

June 9th.—Yesterday those of our schoolgirls who have not been scattered to their homes returned from Mersine, about fifteen in number. One was the daughter of our Hamidah preacher. We were entertained in their house on our village trip last winter—clean, comfortable and thrifty would describe it, a happy, loving Christian home. Two days ago the preacher's wife came in from the village bringing her little baby, sick unto death, that he might have a doctor's care. She is stepmother to our Helen, one of our schoolgirls, but very much loved. It was most touching to see the meeting between the two, and to think of the wreck that has been made of this home. The father was killed at the government building where he had gone to beg for protection. A grown son who helped support the family was also killed, and also a son-in-law. The house was plundered and burned, and the mother left with four small children, utterly stripped of everything except the clothes they were wearing. Since then three of the children have been placed in an orphanage. The mother has drifted back here, and is now watching over her little baby who will probably die. The story of almost every woman one meets is simply a variation of this—a variation in the horrors of the way in which the killing was done, or in that the woman still has her children dependent on her, and does not know what to do with them.

Three of our largest schoolrooms are now being used as a hospital, and much of my time for the past week has gone to this work. I am planning to spend the summer here. Mr. Chambers and Miss Wallis also think they must not leave. But neither are in any condition to stand the hot weather, and I fear the result. We do not think it safe to go to a vineyard. It is said there are six regiments of Old Régime soldiers in the city, and only two of the New. Under these circumstances we cannot feel sure of the future. We cannot tell how it would be received in case Moslems are condemned. But the Lord reigns.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS WELPTON'S LETTER

MARASH, May 11, 1909.

Two sentences in your letter of February 27th come to me now with great meaning. In speaking of the three women who were called to the higher service this last year, you said, "Whoever falls or fails, the work goes on. The Leader never falters." And again with regard to reforms in Turkey, "Do not be discouraged if clouds arise—the sun will shine triumphantly." I believe both with all my mind, but, even believing, one looks over our desolated mission in these days with sinking heart. Pastor Heghinian of our Third Church in Marash burned to death with others in the church in Osmanije; Pastor Stephan Hohannesian of the hopeful little Kharney Church killed on his way to Adana; the little church burned to the ground just ten days after I had written of it in report on village work: "It is just on the point of assuming self-support." Now, not only pastor and church are gone, but every Armenian man in the village at the time of the outbreak was shot and robbed, the bodies left unburied and the houses burned to ashes. Pastors from ten or more other places shot down either on the road to Adana or in their own towns. Yes, God will work with and for us and will not fail us. But it is hard to see how the places of these experienced pastors are to be filled and just where all the money is coming from to rebuild.

These poor Christians! In most places they are utterly defenceless, and can do nothing but stand and be shot when the hour strikes that has been appointed at the Palace of the Porte for their destruction. With Abdul Hamid in prison and Enver Bey in control of the army, things may be settled without a long and devastating civil war. But, humanly speaking, nothing less than a miracle can keep the Young Turks in unbroken control of government. All over the empire there are places like Marash where the population is wholly of the old party. In Marash it is stated on reliable authority that with the exception of the official class who come from Constantinople, Damascus and such cities, there are just two families of Moslems who are Young Turk Party men. It was with the utmost difficulty that the mass of ignorant "old school" Moslems were kept from general slaughter, burning and plunder in Marash during the days April 17-23 or 24, when it was allowed in so many places.

But in spite of all we do believe that sometime the right must prevail even here. There are hopeful signs. It was a miracle that the Reform party so quickly regained control after losing it for the length of time needed to bring about the massacre.

I wish to tell you of our two public meetings held recently—one the annual meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society, the other of the Home Missionary Society. The former is, as you know, a regular branch of the Bridge, and sends yearly a small contribution to our Board. The Home Missionary Society is in fact a "Volunteer Band." The members are those who are willing and can get permission from their parents to promise to teach in the villages. In the light of present circumstances, one understands why it requires so great heroism to make this promise.

Before spring vacation the public meeting of our Bridge Society (called Lighters of Darkness) was held. Only those who had at some time been members of the society were invited this year. As our Study Classes are taking the work in the little book, *Springs in the Desert*, one promising thing on our program was a paper on Mohammedanism. This was written two years ago by one of the seniors in her study of Comparative Religions. And here it is only just to say that in these recent troubled times the old way of searching houses and confiscating papers and books has not been practiced. So much to the credit of the new government. Certainly if the Reactionaries had not been again so quickly displaced from the power they usurped for a few days, all the old ways would have returned with redoubled force.

Charts of missionary work were hung and explained by two girls, and six others gave items of recent interest from different parts of the missionary world. My part was to tell of the work of the W. B. M. I. and of the relation the Bridge holds to the Mother Board. Our drawing teacher (a girl very clever with her fingers) drew a very pretty picture of the Bridge from an old prayer calendar, and beside it I wrote in large letters and figures the list of countries to which the W. B. M. I. gives money and the sums—in liras—given yearly, taking the report of 1908 as my guide. They were all much impressed with the list beginning with Micronesia 68 L. T., and ending with Turkey 5659 L. T. It is a grief to our best people that these continual gifts from America are necessary. They long to reach a point where they can support their own schools. When I appealed to them to try to give more to the W. B. M. I. in return for these large sums yearly expended on them, they accepted the appeal in an earnest manner. Afterward a girl came to me bringing a doily of her own make and asked if it could be sold and the money given to the Board. It goes with me to America and will be used as an appeal there—like Dr. Schauffler's famous "silver pitcher." Only my idea is not collections for any one place or object but for the Board.

The meeting of the Home Missionary Society was held last Wednesday.

Its program consisted of reports given by our two who were sent out to a group of villages in vacation; a paper on "Privileges and Difficulties of a Village Teacher," and one on "Service." The reports were of special interest. These two had gone one of the first days of vacation when all was peaceful, and when those of Yildiz clique, only, knew of the sword suspended over this part of Turkey. Our anxiety for them was great after the outrages began, and when they were safe home we were indeed relieved. Outbreaks began about here on Thursday and Friday, 15th and 16th of April, though we heard of it first on Saturday, April 17th. The girls did not reach Marash under escort of the soldier we sent out to bring them until the following Tuesday afternoon.

I shall hope to tell you more of this society when in America. This year there are five members in school. We wish more could make the decision needed to become members. We are glad of those who do make it. We are all in the dark about village work for next year, and cannot feel sure whether it will be possible to go forward. It is terrible to expose girls to the dangers of these last weeks.

LETTER FROM MISS ARNOTT

AMERICAN MISSION, BENGUELLA, AFRICA, 1909

I HAVE come for a six weeks' stay at one of our out-station schools, a day's journey from Kamondongo. I shall return next week and shall be glad to see white faces again and receive the affection that is awaiting me. While I am here, Mr. Sanders is at Gamba, so Mrs. Sanders and Miss Stimpson are alone at Kamondongo.

This year Miss Stimpson has charge of the two afternoon schools and I of the children. I took in a young man to train at the beginning of the year, and he has proved so efficient that I have been able to leave him in charge while I am visiting and helping in these out-station schools. I have spent two weeks at Owayanda and was here nearly three weeks last of November and the first of December. This time I'm making a six weeks' stay and it is not too long to accomplish all I long to do.

The work here is under the care of Sakamana and Funika, and others who are able, help them some. They are unpaid teachers and are doing faithful work. The three schools have an enrollment of over two hundred, and they conduct these and evening prayers daily, besides holding a Sunday service and Sunday school, all of which are well attended.

I very much enjoy this out-station work and wish I could devote more

time to it. I think, could we spend a few weeks, three or four times a year, in each out-station this way, that the results would be much greater.

Kamondongo, March 5th.—I went to children's school this morning and find that the native teacher did very well indeed. Wish we had a dozen such faithful ones and with the same earnest spirit.

Mr. Sanders received fourteen into the church while at Gamba. The work in all of the stations of our own mission and of the English mission seems to be increasing of late. There is a new interest in all of the villages, many asking for teachers where we are unable to supply them. Not for schools, but for some one to come to them and read the words. We are earnestly praying that God will put it into the hearts of many more of the natives to give themselves to this work.

WORK OF THE KOBE EVANGELISTIC SCHOOL

BY MRS. A. W. STANFORD

THE Deputation has come and gone, rejoicing us with their appreciative, sympathetic interest while here, and leaving behind them the inspiring assurance that "seeing is believing."

It happened that our annual social for the old ladies' class of Kobe Church came during their stay here. "Happened," I say, for I invited them for this week more than a month ago, when we supposed the visit of the Deputation would come a fortnight earlier. But "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and it was surely a happy coincidence by which our representatives of the W. B. M. I. could meet this band of women, which represents the first fruits of the labors of their missionaries here in Kobe, for among them are some who were led to Christ by Misses Barrows, Dudley and Talcott in their first years here. And more than that, for twenty-five or thirty years, many of these women have been most devoted laborers in the Lord's vineyard, working here, while you have been working over there, for one and the same end. And so it seemed most appropriate that those who have been workers together all these years should meet. If some of them seemed rather young, you must remember that a woman is "old" here when she is thirty, but really I believe fifty is the eligible age for membership in this class. There is something of interest to be told about every one of these old ladies, were there only time for it!

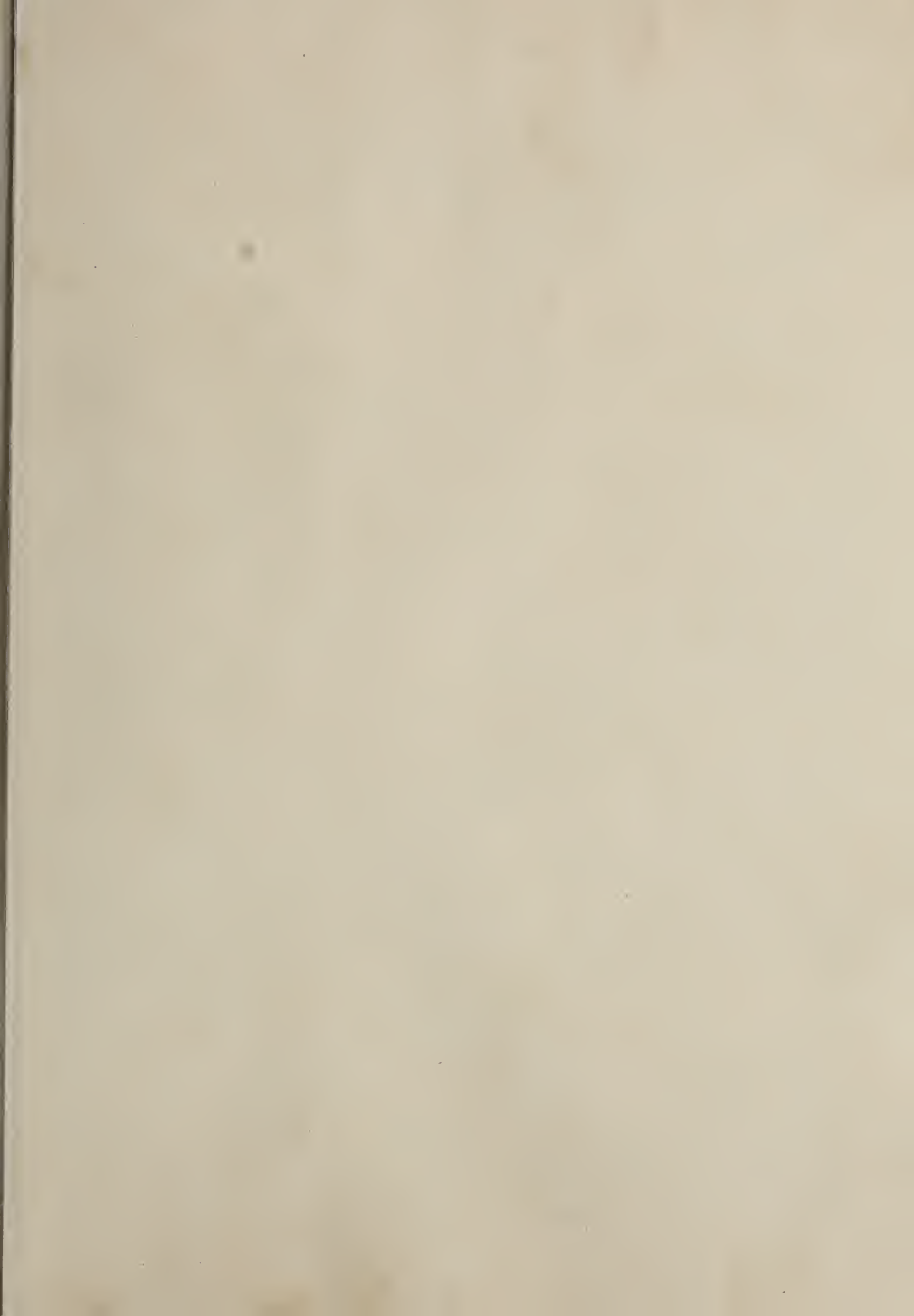
It is interesting to see how the church is more and more becoming the chief factor in the lives of many of the Japanese. Here are two straws that indicate this in the current of church life.

Last fall one of the old ladies celebrated her seventieth birthday by giving seventy *rabutore* (cushions on which they sit) to the Kobe church for its new Sunday-school building. This spring one of the members commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his receiving baptism by presenting to the church life-sized photographs of three of their pastors, and now Messrs. Matsuyama, Ebina and Harada are present at all the meetings held in the large upper room in the Sunday-school building. I will not multiply instances, but these two show how their thoughts and plans are coming to center in the church.

Two weeks from now we are to graduate a class of five Bible women. Their six months' test out in the field last year was of very great value to them, revealing to them their own needs and shortcomings, and leading them to realize that only as they are "workers together with God," in the power of the spirit, will their labors stand. One of the five is to be sent to Korea by the Japanese Woman's Missionary Society to work among the Japanese women in Seoul, the church over there meeting part of the expenses. The undertaking looms as big before her eyes as coming to Japan or China does to some of our missionaries. For family reasons it is a sacrifice for her to go, and nothing but the purest missionary motive would have led her to consent. Another member of the class is to go to the Matsuyama Girls' School as matron and evangelist, and she will be a beautiful "mother" to the girls. A third woman remains with one of the Kobe churches, who were so delighted with her work last year that they have been paying part of her school expenses since January, so as to have a claim on her now. The two younger ones may go to help in churches in Osaka. This week a request for a Bible woman has come from the Japanese church in Shanghai, and we are hoping that a young woman of some experience who was in our higher course last year will respond to the call.

It is interesting to see how the work here in Japan is linking itself to the wider world work, to Korea, China, Hawaii, and now one of the graduates of the kindergarten training school is about to start for America to reopen a kindergarten for Japanese children in Alameda. "The field is the world."

THE best of us are far too much like the nine lepers. We are more ready to pray than to praise, and more disposed to ask God for what we have not than to thank him for what we have. Murmuring complaints and discontent are on every side. Few, indeed, are to be found who are not continually hiding their mercies under a bushel and setting their wants and trials on a hill. Let us pray for a daily thankful heart.—*Nevin*.

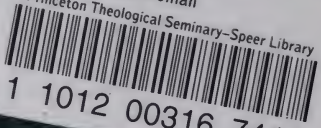


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